

# The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 8.

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[For the Orangeburg News.]

BRANCHVILLE, S. C.

July 22d, 1874.

Editor Orangeburg News:

Your remarks upon the communication of "several taxpayers," which appeared in your last issue, if left unanswered might leave the impression that the "school" Trustees of this Township may have neglected their duty, especially, by not drawing orders on the "school funds" which caused the levy of only one-tenth of a mill for school purposes at the last "annual" meeting, and as you propose to investigate the matter, I will give you a few items.

From the District and State assessments, of 1872, there should have been due this Township an unexpended balance of at least six hundred dollars (\$600) with which to commence the schools for the Fall of 1873.

From the District and State assessments of 1873, there should have been left to the credit of this Township an unexpended balance of at least four hundred dollars (\$400) which would leave us at present on hand at least one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to commence schools this Fall.

For six months preceding June last, three-third grade teachers have been employed in this Township. Salary twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) per month, at the end of each month, orders were promptly drawn by the Trustees, the teachers promptly presented them for payment, and payment by the Treasurer promptly refused. So you will perceive that it was in consequence of the money not being drawn, and not the order which disgusted the White and Colored Citizens of this Township, and caused this small levy.

The Teachers say that they have not been able to draw a single dollar from the Treasury; and being in necessitous circumstances, were compelled to dispose of their orders at one-half their face value, and some times less, the orders after being sold, were paid with the exception of a few yet outstanding, which the present Treasurer says he has had no money to pay, which in my opinion is true.

At the "Annual" meeting I favored a reasonable Tax, but at the repeated request of several members of the meeting, some of the Teachers present, reluctantly made the foregoing damaging statement, in relation to the sale of their orders, and a majority present, opposed more than one tenth of a mill.

I will tell you more concerning this matter, from time to time, if you desire it.

W. H. REEDISH,  
Clerk of Board of School Trustees,  
Branchville Township.

## The Refusal to Pay Taxes.

Our correspondent, "Ninety-Six," is mistaken in supposing that the strength of this "paper" has been thrown in the scale with those who see some remedy for our desperate situation in the "refusal to pay taxes." The difficulty of securing unanimity of action on the part of the taxpayers, especially in cities and towns, has prevented us from advising, what some of our contemporaries in the interior have advised, a square solid opposition to the State officials, taking the form of stopping the supplies. Nevertheless it must be apparent to every thoughtful citizen that, if this time is ever to come when the payment of taxes shall be refused, that time will be at hand when any such person as Meeks or Chamberlain shall have been elected Governor of the State. The letter of "Ninety-Six" could not, therefore, have come more opportunely than it has.

The laws of the State undoubtedly give the State the power to sell, or forfeit to the State for want of bidders, any property upon which the taxes remain unpaid. Nobody denies that this power exists, but what is the practical value of it? In Charleston County, at the late tax sales, 260,000 acres of land were forfeited to the State. There were no bidders for them. It is doubtful whether such a tax would be given to purchasers at tax sales would be worth anything. However this may be, there were virtually no offers in Charleston for the lands exposed for sale. Suppose

that, in every county of the State, nine-tenths of the property-holders refused to pay taxes, could there be any more bidders for the millions of acres that there are now for the thousands? Would there be more bidders, when it was known that the people had combined to resist ruinous taxation than there are now when no such combination exists? We think not! The greater part of the land in the State would be forfeited to the State Government, and what would the State do with it? The law does not provide for the sale of the lands forfeited to the State. They go to the State, and there they stay until the General Assembly shall take some action in regard to them. No disposition can be made of them until the expiration of ninety days from and after the day of the forfeiture, because for ninety days there is the option of redemption. And it would be difficult for any Legislature in this State to take any measure which would do other than put the forfeited land back in the hands of those to whom it originally belonged. During the ninety days allowed for redemption, and until some plan for ridding the treasury would be empty and not a dollar could be drawn by any creditor of the State. In that fact lies the strength of the situation. Suppose, then, that the Legislature, stung by want of money and cowed by the determination of the people, should order the lands to be sold to the highest bidder, what then? No one would bid for them except the original owners or their agents, and they would bid very little. They would either get the lands back for much less than the tax and penalties, or they would allow the lands to be again forfeited to the State. No money there! Suppose, also, that the Legislature determined to give away the forfeited lands. Who would care to take them and live upon them? Now, there is not in the programme, as we have sketched it out, any suggestion of armed resistance to the laws of the State. All that is described is a passive resistance, a general refusal to pay taxes, either because of inability to pay, or because it is believed that the payment of one exorbitant tax only leads to the imposition of one still more onerous. There is no need of any militia, or of any posse; nor would there be any "domestic violence" justifying the intervention of the Federal authorities. It is not necessary, therefore, to discuss the question whether our rulers have nerve or not. We think that they have—in the Legislature, or the Courts, or in any crowd where the majority is with them. They have what Napoleon called "l'oeil de l'éléphant" in the morning" courage, and we do not believe that any official in South Carolina would either steal, or cheat at elections, if he were assured that, as soon as his sin found him out, he would be treated to an ornamental coat of tar, trimmed with feathers, warranted to fit close and wear well. They dare anything as a mob or a party, but they will not face personal or individual responsibility, which is the one form of responsibility to which they have not been held. This, however, is outside of the matter immediately before us.

We are glad to lay the views of "Ninety-Six" before our readers but, as we have said before, we think that he exaggerates the danger and difficulty of facing and overcoming the band of robbers, who are strong only as long as we are weak and disinclined. When nine-tenths of the taxpayers, ay! three-fourths of them resolve to pay no more taxes until honesty and intelligence shall control the government of the State, the thieves and their minions will be routed in a single campaign, without violence, bloodshed or loss of life or property. Then would the people say, Why, in Heaven's name, did we not do this years and years ago? The one difficulty is to get the people to stand together. Of that we see little prospect.

From Cuba comes a strange and some what astounding rumor, to the effect that Gen. Concha is in negotiation with chiefs of the free Cuba movement for the surrender of the arms and cause of the patriots to the Spaniards. Can it be true?

## Important Spanish News.

THE UNITED STATES INVITED TO SEND TROOPS TO CUBA.

The New York Sun, of yesterday, has the following despatch from Washington which we can only say is very important if true. It looks very marvelous, however:

"I am able to inform you with positive certainty that the Spanish legation here have recently been instructed from Madrid to approach Secretary Hamilton Fish with the inquiry whether the United States would be disposed to intervene with armed force in Cuba, with a view of ascertaining whether the people of that island really desire or not to separate themselves from the mother country. This proposition comes in a certain connection with an intrigue which has for some time been maturing in Europe, by virtue of which Germany and England are to intervene in Spain itself, and by means of sufficient bodies of troops, put a stop to the civil war going on there, and place Prince Alfonso on the throne. This scheme has been managed especially by Prussian diplomacy, and as all the money which Marshal Serrano has had for some time past, for the purpose of paying troops and carrying on his Government, has been furnished to him from the Prussian treasury, it is clear that the proposition to make Alfonso King is not to be opposed by him although common decency would forbid his taking a leading part in putting it into execution. When it is done, however, by foreign armies, he can submit to it without incurring special odium among his countrymen. Part of the project is that Prussia shall have some small island in the West Indies for a watering station, and the consent of the United States to this is to be compensated by giving us Cuba."

## Story for the Married.

After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband, one Sunday, while he had little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they were man and wife. After some hesitation, both stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity, and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and the wife asked him to begin with her faults. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that this was the first to propose the matter, and he was the head of the house, it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the faults I observed in you after we began keeping house was, that you a good deal neglected the tinware. You don't keep it scoured as bright as it should be. My mother always took pride in her tinware and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad that you mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; hereafter you shall see no speak on cup or pan. I pray proceed."

"I have often observed," said the husband, "that you often use your dish rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they would dry ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more that was worthy of mention.

"Now," my dear, said he, you begin and tell me all the faults you have observed in me since we have been married."

The young housewife sat in silence; her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat which

she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear, tell me of all the faults you have observed in me, sparing none."

Arising suddenly from her seat, the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms about her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have even one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that, as we have been married, I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you deserve me to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of faults with you. I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am I shall at once begin the work of reform and try to make myself more worthy of you."

"Nonsense my dear; you know I some times go away and leave you without any word out; I stay up town when I ought to be at home; I spend money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No you don't," cried the wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do!"

"Oh bless you, little wife!" cried the now subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault; I was but joking. Don't remember a word said; and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes."

Never again did the husband scrutinize the tinware nor examine the dish rags, never so much as mentioned one of the faults he had enumerated, but soon after the neighborhood women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs. Smith keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is always as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe she not only washes but even irons her dish rags!" And the neighboring men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow M—has got to be of late; he don't spend a dime now where he used to spend dollars, and never be kept from home half when he is not at work. He seems almost to worship that wife of his."

## Anecdote of two Veterans.

While Gen. Taylor lay with his army at Point Isabel, just north of the mouth of the Rio Grande, Commodore Conner had assumed command of the Gulf Squadron. Conner was a veteran of the last war with England, bearing honorable wounds, and with a record which any officer might envy. He was by no means a martinet, but he was strict in the matter of cleanliness, and in the matter of his own dress he was elegantly precise. Reared and educated in Philadelphia he had imbibed the nice tastes of the nicer class of her people. At muster and parade, and when on official visits, it was his custom to appear in full uniform of the most elaborate and dazzling description. He liked it.

In this matter of dress I doubt if there could have been found in either arm of the service a greater contrast to Com. Conner than was afforded by Gen. Zach. Taylor. His sobriquet of "Rough and Ready" was entirely legitimate. He disliked pomp; and never wore anything like regulation uniform when he could possibly avoid it.

On a certain day Com. Conner anchored his fleet off the Point, and sent word to Gen. Taylor that he would do himself the honor of paying him a visit. This put old Rough and Ready into a flurry. In the midst of hard camp life following severe fighting he was not in the mood for ceremonious etiquette. Had the proposing visitor been an old red-dog like Stewart or Hull, he would not have cared; but he knew all about Conner's exceeding

nicety, and the draft upon his nerves was severe. He would rather have charged an enemy's battery ten times. Still the old hero resolved to do his best toward honoring his guest, and, through him, honor to the navy.

Meantime Com. Conner was considering how best he might please Gen. Taylor. Knowing the peculiarities of that officer, he had resolved that his visit should be without ceremony and with out pomp. So he dressed himself in a suit of plain white linen duck, without official insignia of any kind, and went on shore unattended by any of his staff.

When word had been brought to Taylor that Com. Conner had landed, he quickly abandoned the camp work he was at the time superintending, and made hasty strides for his tent, where he plunged into his chest and dragged out his best uniform. He donned it quickly—donned it dusty, wrinkled and awry—and in his haste the coat was buttoned two buttons higher on one side than on the other, while one of the epaulettes was broken from its strap. He had just accomplished this uncomfortable metamorphosis when Commodore Conner was announced.

With free and easy step, and all alone, Com. Conner entered the General's tent. The two heroes shook hands warmly, and it was very evident that each was greatly surprised at the personal appearance of the other. But the discomfort was not for long. Both comprehended the situation at a glance, and a hearty laugh was the result.

The officer from whom I had this story was with Taylor in Florida, and during the whole campaign in Mexico, and he assured me that the occasion of Com. David Conner's visit was the first and last time he ever saw old Rough and Ready in full uniform, and, in fact, the only time he ever saw the old war-dog completely nonplussed.

## How Mules Came Into Fashion.

Few of the farmers of this country are aware what a depth of gratitude they owe George Washington for the introduction of mules into general use for farm purposes.

Previous to 1773, there were very few, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there were no jacks, and no disposition to increase the stock; but Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are less liable to be injured than horses by careless servants.

As soon as it became known abroad that the illustrious Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the king of Spain sent him a jack and two jennets, from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent another jack and two jennets from the island of Malta.

The first was a gray color, 16 hands high, heavily made, and of sluggish nature. He was named the Royal Gift. The other was called the Knight of Malta; he was about as high—lithe, fiery, even to ferocity.

The two different sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvements by cross-breeding, the result of which was the favorite jack, Compound, because he partook of the best point in both the originals. The general bred his blooded mares to these jacks, even taking those from his family coach for that purpose, and produced such superb mules that the country was all agog to breed some of the sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of improved mules in the United States. There are now some of the third and fourth generation of Knight of Malta and Royal Gift to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to the country are to be seen upon every cultivated acre in the southern States.

The Boston Post breaks the silence as to the late Mr. Janin: "Jules Janin wrote anywhere and any how; in cafes, in the cafes, amid the hubbub of the green room of every theater, pinching and kissing ballet girls between the beginning and the end of a sentence."

## The Virtue of Silence.

Keep thou the door of thy lips.—Bible.

Silence never yet betrayed any one.—Rivarol.

Speech is of time. Silence is of eternity.—Carlyle.

We speak little, if not egged on by vanity.—Rochefoucauld.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.—Learner.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence.—Fuller.

Talking and eloquence are not the same thing; to speak and to speak well are two things.—Ben Jonson.

Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers. The less men think the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

A person that would secure to himself great deference will, perhaps, gain point by silence as effectually as by anything he can speak.—Shenstone.

Talkers and futile persons are commonly vain and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not.—Bacon.

Brisk talkers are usually slow thinkers. There is, indeed, no wilder boast more to be dreaded than a communicative man having nothing to communicate.—Swift.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.—Huxford.

The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking. And the first evil that attends those who know not how to keep silent is that they hear nothing.—Plutarch.

The man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sounds, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures and frequently conceals them.—Washington Irving.

In the Richmond Whig we find the following extraordinary paragraph. Mrs. Lamadred has embarked in a very doubtful speculation and we think there is no court on the face of the earth that will give her damages to the amount of ten cents:

"Mrs. Maggie Lamadred, of Louisville, has brought suit against Bone Lodge Knights of Pythias in that city, because the defendants who are named and others to her unknown, did beat, drag and bruise her husband in going through their rites, or their pretended rites; that by reason thereof he died, depriving her of his support, care and protection, and that by reason of their said unlawful, cruel and wicked conduct, she has been damaged \$100,000; and therefore she prays judgment for \$100,000 damages, and for all other proper relief."

Among the laity who affect white cravats are numbered "Boss" Tweed and Commodore Vanderbilt. The latter, from his spare build and gray hair and whiskers, is frequently mistaken for a clergyman. The other day he was coming down town in a street car, when two young men entered, both being in intoxicated. Perceiving the venerable gentleman with a white tie, one of the young men addressed him with, "I suppose you think I'm going straight down to (his) hell, don't yer?" "Why—no," said the commodore; "I hope not." The young man nudged his companion, and nodding toward Vanderbilt said "He's a (lie) Univers'list."

DEATH OF A BRAVE BOY.—A son of John Babcock, aged eighteen years, was drowned at Pembroke, Me., recently, after he had succeeded in placing four boys on the gunwale of a boat which had capsized while rowing. The boys could not swim, and young Babcock was swimming behind the boat, pushing it ashore, and was taken with cramps. He had dived twice and brought up one of the boys, who lost his hold on the gunwale.